

THE
Leeds Tragedy;
OR, THE
Bloody Brother.

GOOD Christian People all I pray,
A while to me draw near;
And such a story I will tell,
You ne'er before did hear.
For ever since the world began,
Such a thing was never known,
When you have heard it, you will say,
'Twill melt a heart of stone.
At LEEDS, in Yorkshire, as we hear,
A noble Lord did dwell:
He had a son and daughter fair,
As many know full well.
His lady happening to die,
Each was his chiefest care;
His daughter he lov'd best, they say,
Both dutiful and fair.
Lords and Knights, they courted her,
But she did them deny;
Saying, I am resolv'd
A maid to live and die.
Her fame among the country rang.
So dutiful was she;
Her brother fell in love with her,
Which caused this Tragedy.
So was he struck in love with her,
As to his bed he went;
He'd many things, but all in vain,
He could have no content.
For to speak he was ashamed
And so he well might be;
For such a thing was never known,
Nor heard by none but me.
One day he to his sister sent,
So up to him she came;
Cries he, dear sister, 'tis for you
I'm in this burning flame.
She hearing him say so, reply'd,
Come, brother, tell to me,
What I can get to save your life,
And I will get it free.
Poor soul, she little thinking then
What was his base intent,

Kept urging him to tell her strait,
What would give him content.
At last this wicked rogue he said,
If I could lie with thee,
Of my pains I should be free,
And satisfied will be.
Your beauty has so charmed me,
If you do me deny,
By gazing at thy fair body,
I instantly must die.
Soon as these words to her he spoke,
Unto him she did say,
You wicked, vile, and cruel wretch,
Forbear these words I pray.
O brother once I lov'd you well,
As any sister sure:
But now my love is turn'd to hate,
I cannot you endure,
You are the worst of creatures sure,
And so deserve to burn;
And was not you my brother dear,
You out of doors should turn.
For you're hateful in Gods sight,
And all will you disdain,
How can you thus offend the Lord,
In being so profane?
So from him then she quickly goes,
But yet lov'd him so well
That of the thing which he had said,
To her father would not tell.
When she was gone, he then did say,
Reveng'd on her I'll be;
For I will get my will of her
The first opportunity.
She hearing him for to say so,
No rest at all could take;
With grief and woe her tender heart
Was ready then to break.
And to the Lord, poor soul, she pray'd
Upon her bended knees,
For to turn this ingrate's heart,
That she might be at ease.
Now he was plotting all this time,
Of her to get his will
And afterwards he was resolv'd
Her precious blood to spill.
Her father kept a noble park,
One evening she did go,
And as her brother was gone out,
She walked to and fro
Long in the park she had not been,

Before that he came in;
And missing of his sister dear,
He to the park did run.
If she's there I'm safe enough,
Reveng'd on her I'll be:
When I've got my will of her,
I'll murder her, said he.
But as he came unto the place,
Where this poor creature sat,
With a dissembling smile he said,
My sister dear, well met.
But when she turn'd, & found him there
The rose her face forsook;
And trembling to him, she did say
I do not like your look.
For you have mischief in your heart,
As I can plainly see;
But your desire you shall not have,
I am resolv'd of me.
He said, sister, you do guess right,
To lie with you I'm come,
So this base wretch most eagerly
Unto her arms did run.
But she cry'd out with might and main,
Good Lord, look down I pray;
She struggl'd till her strength was spent,
And then swooned away.
This cursed stoney hearted wretch,
Of her did get his will.
And afterwards he was resolv'd,
Her precious blood to spill.
As soon as ever she did revive,
Said he I'll end the strife,
For thou shalt ne'er tell what I've done,
But here I'll end thy life.
Crying this knife shall end the smart,
And none shall know the truth:
I'll stab thee in the strumpet's heart,
So pray make no dispute.
His sister hearing him say so,
Unto the Lord she cry'd,
Oh had it been thy blessed will,
That I before had dy'd.
Sure I should never then have felt
The torments I go through;
Sure thou canst ne'er my brother be,
And thus to use me so
I that am your flesh and blood,
Dont use me so severe;
Since you have defil'd me, spare my life,
For christ sake brother dear.

He said these words will not prevail,
But here I'll have you life.
Then into her breast as white as snow,
He put the hateful knife.
The tears did trickle down her cheeks
Her life of him she craved;
Oh dont forget the judgment day,
How will you then be sav'd?
No longer will I stay he said,
Then gave the fatal blow;
Her precious blood upon her breast,
Did like a fountain flow:
This did not turn his stoney heart,
Undaunted still was he;
He straitway went and dug a grave,
To hide her fair body.
Now when that he this Grave had dug,
And laid her in the ground;
He went and covered her blood,
For fear it should be found,
Such heinous things cannot be hid,
From God's most piercing sight;
For in a short time this wicked crime
Was brought to open light.
Her aged father long did mourn,
For her, but could not hear.
What was become of his sweet child,
Whom he did love so dear.
The wicked wretch, her brother, he
Did with him seem to mourn:
His father little thought that he
The wicked deed had done.
His father said to him one day,
We will a hunting go:
Since dear sister can't be found,
I'll strive to ease my woe.
Full six months her loyalty here,
Covered with dust and mould,
And most strangely as you shall hear,
The murder it was told.
Just as the sport it did begin,
And in this place did come,
The hounds all on a sudden stopp'd,
And would no further run.
Now he then amazed stood,
So did the nobles all;
And the son turn'd as pale as death,
And from his horse did fall.
The lord unto the rest did say,
What ails my dearest son?
My heart doth flatter in my breast,

Sure some bad mischiefs done.
The place was opened instantly,
Where they soon her found,
The body of his daughter dear
Laid in that spot of ground,
At last, when they had him reviv'd,
And to his senses came,
His father said, I fear you have
This cursed action done.
So straitway to the corps he went,
And kissed her lips like clay:
Saying, this is my child, of whom,
I took such care away.
He kissed her lips till floods of tears
Down from his eyes did flow,
Since her dear body now is found,
I mean the truth to know,
But when he tax'd him with the same,
He cou'd not it deny;
And when he had the story told,
He made them for to cry.
Father where shall I go faith he?
Or whither shall I run?
You shall to prison go said he,
And there receive your doom.
No compassion at all you had,
Upon your sister dear.
The worst of deaths you do deserve
For being so severe.
She was to me as dear as you,
Nay I did love her best,
The lord receive my soul, said he,
For here I cannot rest.
He ordered him for to be seized,
And unto prison sent,
Until the assizes there he lies,
Lord send he may repent.
His father instantly ran mad,
And in his bed was tyed:
None did expect him for to live,
Until his son was try'd,
We hope this will a warning be,
To wicked lustful men:
For such a thing sure ne'er was,
Since the world began.